

*John M. Stewart*

# The Girard College Magazine



Commencement Issue

January 1926

Volume 7

Number 2

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John M. Stewart

January 1926

# The Girard College Magazine

*Edited and Published Quarterly by the Students of  
Girard College  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

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Commencement Issue  
1926

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VOLUME VII.

NUMBER 2

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# EDITORIALS

## THE STAFF

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PERRY STORM

*Reporters*

RAYMOND MCCLURE

ROBERT MCHOSE

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### The Debut of Debating

Girard welcomes into its curriculum the recently formed class in debating, organized by Mr. Andrews. A debate given before the High School Assembly on October 26 serves as an indication of the possibilities in this art. As soon as the occasion offers, Mr. Andrews expects to arrange a debate with one of the New Jersey Schools, which, as is well known, has gained quite a reputation in debating.

The benefits derived from debating are manifold. It teaches, in the first place, clear and logical thinking. The debater learns how to classify arguments in their most effective form, and how to detect and refute fallacies. Along with this ability he secures training in the principles of vocal expression and of effectively writing and delivering speeches. To the faculty of prompt individual decision, as necessary

in life as in rebuttal, he must also add coöperation by trained work with his colleagues. Further enumeration of the benefits of this interesting subject is scarce necessary in view of their manifest obviousness.

The Girard debater works under certain advantages and disadvantages. He has a well stocked library and a qualified coach, but he is hard pressed for time. The routine at Girard necessarily consumes almost every available moment; consequently it is only by sacrificing play time that the boy can find an hour or so to spend in digging out references. A reasoned argument, however, prepared under such conditions is of consequently increased value to the boy who is strong enough to overcome these obstacles.

It is high time that Girard is brought into contact with outside schools intellect-

ually. While we are confident that the school can win laurels in the forum as in the field of sport, we welcome most the good will and interscholastic fellowship that debating promotes.

### **Alibis for Lack of Study**

Teachers are embarrassingly inquisitive people. Every time we arrive in the class unprepared for the day's recitation, we must give an acceptable excuse for our delinquency. The problem, therefore of making up a credible plea offers an opportunity for perplexing brain work. Rather than tell an acceptable lie or take the consequences of telling the truth, why don't we study?

To the question, What did the Yanks do at Gettysburg? those of us who read the sporting page in preference to the history lesson answer, "The Yanks didn't play there, but they bombarded and sent the A's into retreat." On being asked what was Penn's Treaty with the Indians, we could more truthfully answer that Penn didn't stop even to talk to Ursinus this fall.

"Because some pupils are good students is no reason why the rest of the scholastic population should be given lessons in everything that only the "A" students in class can possibly be interested in or wade through! Why can't the teacher strike a happy medium on the question of study work so that we can get all of each lesson without being bored and tired?"

Such excuses are typical; when really, if the complainers would honestly study, they could easily master their assignments and demolish their supposed grievances.

### **Pay That Debt!**

As the boy nears and passes through the upper classes, he is often reminded that at Girard he receives everything for

nothing and that the only payment expected from him in return is to uphold the good name of Girard, to make the time spent on him worth while, and to show that the place he is occupying is being filled to good advantage. But after he leaves the College, what then?

An upper classman is expected to be loyal to his school because he is old enough to realize what has been done for him thus far in life, and he should appreciate it. Appreciation, however, should not end with the receiving of a diploma. In one's life after graduation it is just as important that he uphold the good name of Girard.

By our putting into practice what is learned and by our working faithfully and conscientiously in the positions we obtain, the name of Girard will be recognized as a standard of excellence by everyone who is searching for young men to fill positions. The character of any applicant is one of the first qualifications that any business man or employer investigates. Making good, therefore, after graduating from this school not only advances the individual but also establishes for Girard College the respect she deserves.

### **Practical Measures**

In a recent talk, given one Monday morning in the Auditorium, Doctor Jameson took occasion to compliment the students on their coöperation with one another, and with the faculty, in regard to the locker situation. In a system of lockers so complex as that used in our High School Building, where many lockers are crowded in so small a space, a certain degree of crowding and consequent friction is to be expected. The student body has so met and coped with the situation, however, that friction and delay have been practically eliminated, and the results have been



an excellent example of that spirit for which Girard has long striven.

We wish to add our commendation to that of Doctor Jameson. We like to feel that this spirit is an indication of great potentialities in school morale. True morale is best exemplified in the little things that arise in the daily life of a school; it seldom evinces itself in any very startling manner. Being essentially the organ of the student body, the Magazine feels justly proud of the growth of that spirit which the present instance typifies.

There are certain other instances in which we should like to see the same spirit evinced, and which we take the liberty of calling to your attention. During the latter part of December a new system of changing classes was instituted, which provides three minutes for moving from one classroom to another. This system undoubtedly was intended to eliminate loitering in the halls, a habit most undesirable in school life. That same spirit which actuated the student body in coöperating in the matter of lockers, might well be shown through coöperation with the present system of changing classes.

Again we notice that song books are being left upon the Auditorium floor, and in some cases tramped upon, a practice damaging both to the book and to the appearance of the room. In connection with this we should like to call to your attention the mute testimony of bad discipline and spirit offered by scraps of paper and pieces of chalk dropped upon the hall floors in the High School.

Here, then, is an opportunity to show in other ways that initiative and spirit which we have already manifested in the use of the locker system. Here is an opportunity to shoulder the real responsibilities of student government. We sincerely trust that when Doctor Jameson again has occasion

to compliment us upon our conduct at the lockers, he may also remark concerning our efforts to remedy these other conditions, efforts to attain a consistent school morale.

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### A Serious Problem

After the morning assemblies in the Auditorium and Chapel there may always be found many song books lying on the floor. In fact, there are hardly two consecutive rows with all the books in the racks.

Do you like to see books all over the floor, with marks of heels on the covers, with folded or torn pages, and often with broken backs? Perhaps it is too bad that some of us cannot exchange places with the books occasionally. The books being used at present in the Chapel are especially frail, having only paper covers; consequently, they are more liable to be ruined by each little mishandling than other books. In less than a term's use, they have come to look several years old.

The only way to better this situation is for us to coöperate in picking up every book on the floor. Sometimes, the last boy in a row is the only one who picks up a book; sometimes no one does it. If every fellow does his best to keep the books where they belong, we should have very little cause for complaint in this matter.

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### The New Magazine Shelf

We call the attention of the student body to the fact that twenty-five copies of each issue of The Magazine are being placed on the shelves of the library. Likewise magazines received from other schools are sent to the library in order that the boys may have the opportunity of reading them. We hope that all boys of the organized classes may avail themselves of the privilege of using these magazines and of deriving pleasure from them.

# COMMENCEMENT

Class of January  
1926

## Request

Friend, ere you proceed, pause, since before you may be seen not only the written accomplishments of a class but the unwritten hopes of a band of youths. It is not what we have done that bids you ponder,—it is what we may do. We may rise to unapproachable heights; we may sink to the lowest depths; or mayhap we may remain among that multitude which, like the flotsam and jetsam, rises and falls with the tide. This, to be sure, is the finish of our life at Girard, but it is also the beginning of the greatest trial in our lives. We shall be weighed in the balance, to be found worthy or wanting. So, friend, think on these things and give us thy blessing.

The past is gone, the future we can only hope for. We go to new ways, new days and new friends. We leave old and search for new. We go, but we take with us sweet memories to comfort us thru life. We shall not, we can not, forget. So, kind reader, we make place for others and take our place in the world of men.

## Story

There was once a gardener who possessed a bed of flowers. Each day he carefully watered them and relentlessly plucked all weeds from their midst. And it came to pass that when winter drew nigh, he took his plants to his greenhouse. Some were cast away, but the strongest remained. After the cold had fled before invading spring, he brought forth his plants again and placed them in the garden. And lo! they waxed strong and burst into bloom, gladdening the eye and rewarding the patience of the gardener.

We are the flowers; God is the gardener. Some eighteen years ago we beheld the light of day. For a time we flourished under the care of His under-gardeners. Soon we experienced our first transplanting, our enrollment in Girard College. Here we, as the flowers in the greenhouse, have been protected, and nurtured. And now, the spring of our lives has come; the time has arrived for us to return to the garden of life with the hope that we too, like the flowers, may blossom to gladden the eye of our Father.



## "The Review of the Class of January 1926"



HARRY MABREY  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
PRESIDENT OF CLASS

*Harry Mabrey*  
*1781 Orthodox St.*  
Class Officers

When a class graduates, it must attribute a share of its success to leadership. During our stay in Girard, the presidency of our class has been borne successively by Thomas Funk, Arthur Kieffer, and Harry Mabrey; the vice-presidency by John Raymond, Thomas Funk, Floyd London, and Lawson Earl; the secretaryship by George Mood, Thomas Kenny, Floyd London, Russell Malsbury, with due credit to Lawson Earl and Paul Kurzenberger as assistants in the graduating term. Our business affairs were managed by Harry Mabrey in J-1, John Raymond in J-2, Harold Lees in S-1, and Lester Rehrig in S-2; assisted by Lester Rehrig in J-1, Harold Lees in J-2, Walter Graham in S-1, and George Mood in S-2.

### Battalion and Band Officers

That military drill has been promoted by our class is evidenced by the fact that many of our members remained in the Battalion and Band during their senior year. The Staff Officers who remained during that period were Thomas Funk, Captain of the Staff; William Cregar, Quartermaster; and Lester Rehrig, Quartermaster-Sergeant. Lawson Earl, Senior Captain and Captain of Company D, established a record by being a captain for three terms. Two other captains who were to be seen on the field last term were Marvin Haines of Company C who, incidentally, served two terms, and James Patterson of Company B. Many members, of course, retired who had previously been officers. Among these were Lieutenants Harry Mabrey, George Mood and Joseph Beisel, Color-Sergeant Charles Fine, First Sergeant Floyd London, Sergeants Fred Carlidge, Joseph Desiderio, George Green and John Raymond, and Corporals Russell Malsbury, Andrew Golmitz and George Quirk.

The commissioned officers of the Band were Captain Paul Kurzenberger, First Lieutenant Edward Kurzenberger, Second Lieutenant Carl Leaman. The Supply Sergeant was John Dennis, and the Drum Major Charles Wurth. Other sergeants were Charles Boyle and Otto Hartman.

Leroy Fink captured the coveted first prize for the single competitive drill in January 1925, and again in June won the Bronze Medal for second place. Lawson Earl in June 1925 was awarded the prize sabre for winning first place in the competitive drill between the companies.

### Music

Some of the members of our class have made considerable progress in the study of music at Girard. We have among us a promising musician, Paul Kurzenberger. He is the first of the boys in Girard College to graduate from a musical course rather than a commercial or mechanical course. For the past year he has been using his afternoon time for the study of music and for practicing on the French horn. He also was an active member of the harmony class, the Orchestra and the Band, having held first stand in the Orchestra and the Band for sometime. His brother, Edward, is our leading cornetist who has held a similar position by being first and solo cornetist in both the Band and the Orchestra. Other members of the Band are Carl Leaman, first clarinet, Otto Hartman, drum and xylophone, Charles Boyle, both drummer and bell player, and John Dennis, French horn. We wish to congratulate the members of the graduating class who have spent their time with the Band and the Orchestra for the good work they have produced.

The majority of the Graduating Class have seen service with the Glee Club. The progress of the Club has been greatly aided under the auspices of the President, Thomas Funk, and the Secretary, Russell Malsbury. The librarians during the past semester were Leonard Sheetz, William Cregar, and Paul Kurzenberger, assistant. Other members of the Glee Club were: first tenors, Joseph Beisel, Charles Boyle, Fred Cartledge, John Dennis, Walter Graham, George Golmitz, Marvin Haines, Edward Kurzenberger and George Quirk; second tenors, John Gleeson, William Megary, George Mood and John Raymond; baritones, Otto Hartman, Thomas Kenney, Lester Rehrig, John Stewart and

Charles Wurth; basses, Joseph Desiderio, George Gormley, Paul Hawkins, Carl Leaman, Vincent Mickaluskie and James Patterson.

### Various Awards

Many of the boys of our class have proved worthy of receiving awards for typewriting. John Gleeson is our best product, and he has left an enviable record in the annals of typewriting at Girard. He received both the silver and the bronze medals offered by the Underwood Typewriter Company. Lawson Earl received the Underwood Bronze Medal, and William Cregar the Underwood Bronze Medal and the Royal Gold Pin. These awards evidence what the commercial training at Girard has done for some of the members of the graduating class.

Also in connection with the Commercial Department, we might mention the Palmer Certificates for business penmanship. There have been six boys in our class to receive them, a goodly number for a class of our size. These six good penmen are Walter Graham, Thomas Funk, John Gleeson, Carl Leaman, Edward Kurzenberger and Paul Kurzenberger.

During the summer, some of the boys of our class attended the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Camp Meade and received awards for work accomplished. James Patterson received a bronze medal and bar for attaining the rank of sharpshooter. Charles Wurth, the best wrestler in the Camp, and Lester Rehrig, a member of the baseball team, both received bars for marksmanship.

Vincent Mickaluskie, who at the present time is the tallest boy in the College, has received recognition for this natural gift. A silver loving cup, bearing his name, and a sweater were awarded to

him by the City at the annual Boys' Week banquet last June.

During the course of the study in the subject of local industries, Lawson Earl wrote an outstanding composition on the subject of "Disston Saws" which was considered worthy of an award by Henry Disston & Sons, Inc.; consequently Earl received a two and one-half dollar gold piece from that company.

One of the members of our class, William Cregar, was awarded the L'Alliance Francaise Medal for proficiency in the study of the French language. Incidentally, he also had the honor of being the last Girard boy to have the award conferred upon him by the late Dr. Earnest La Place, who at the time, was President of the L'Alliance Francaise.

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### Club Presidents

There are also several of our class who at one time or another were presidents of various clubs. During the J-2 term William Megary was President of the Literary and Debating Club; Lawson Earl, President of the Commerical Club; and Paul Hawkins, President of the Naturalists' Club. In S-1 the presidents were: Russell Malsbury of the Dramatic Club, and Lawson Earl of the Commerical Club; in S-2, William Cregar of the Dramatic Club, Leonard Sheetz of the Literary and Debating Club, Paul Hawkins of the Naturalists' Club, Floyd London of the Camera Club, Lester Rehrig of the Radio Club and Harry Mabrey of the Chemistry Club.

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### Miscellaneous

There were five members of our class who deemed it worth while to remain at study in the College during the summer months in order that they might graduate with our class. They are James Patterson, Russell Malsbury, George Golmitz, George Green and George Quirk.

Also worthy of note is the debate work in the College. This term, what might be called the first active work in the debating field has taken place. The foundation of what we hope will lead to a College debating team was laid by four members of the two senior classes who took part in the debate on the subject "Capital Punishment. The members of our class to participate in this debate were Leonard Sheetz and William Megary.

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### Declamation Contest

We are gratified that our class had in the Original Declamation Contest four members participating, namely, Charles Boyle, Leonard Sheetz, Vincent Mickalusi and William Cregar. Second prize went to Charles Boyle for his excellent speech, entitled, "The Twenty-sixth President of the United States," and third was granted to Leonard Sheetz for his picturesque scenes in "The Two Artists."

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### Magazine Editors

The staff of the Magazine accord great credit to their three colleagues of the Class of January '26. We might add that through their initiative the entire COMMENCEMENT DEPARTMENT was completed. The Editor-in-Chief of the Girard College Magazine is John Dennis who has served, and indeed served very well, for five terms on the Staff. The other two members have both served on the Staff for two terms and have contributed good work. These members are Paul Hawkins and William Cregar.

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### Athletic Accomplishments

The class of January '26 has contributed extensively on the athletic field. There are twenty-three wearers of the "G", of

whom four have two letters. They are Paul H. Hawkins, in baseball and swimming; Carl Leaman and Floyd London, in baseball and soccer; and Charles Wurth, in gym. and soccer. Two have procured three letters: Lawson Earl, in basketball, tennis, and soccer; and Thomas O. Funk, in baseball, basketball and soccer.

To the baseball team we have contributed eight members, of whom five have received letters and one the numerals. The five, letter men are George J. Quirk, Carl Leaman, Paul R. Hawkins, Floyd London, and Thomas O. Funk; Walter Graham attained the numerals; the others, Lester Rehrig and Joseph Beisel, although receiving no rewards, certainly contributed spirit and coöperation. Funk's fast playing at shortstop coupled with the work of Quirk and London at second base, of Leaman as twirler, and of Graham and Rehrig in the outfield about determined the success of the team.

In swimming competition our men proved themselves worthy. Thomas O. Funk, the speedy fifty-yard man, George Mood, the competent diver, and Paul R. Hawkins contributed many points. Charles Boyle managed the team in such a way as to win the praise of his fellows and incidentally a letter.

Our basketball men were, and still are, valuable. Although we cannot join this year's team long enough to win letters, our past record has been augmented by the playing of Thomas O. Funk and Lawson Earl. With the help of Desiderio as manager, the team of 1925 was able, at the close of the season, to show a good record. We were also well represented on the reserve team by Leroy Fink and H. Russell Malsbury.

Again, on the tennis courts we have contributed. Lawson Earl, captain, who by his dazzling lobs and cuts baffled the

opposing teams, and Charles Fine, also a good racket swinger, helped Girard to victory in many contests.

Although our class did not contribute extensively to the track team, we gave as much as possible toward spirit and good will by our number of entries. Charles Wurth, the class strong man, aided the team in many a meet by his able delivery of the shot and of the discus.

Soccer is Girard's major sport. Fully eight of the eleven players are of January '26. With the guidance of Captain Funk, the team has never failed in a pinch, and has shown such pluck and nerve as to win general admiration. With the help of George Golmitz, James Patterson and Fred Cartlidge as cheer leaders, the team was supplied with much of its punch and stamina. Thomas Kenny, manager of the team, showed himself not only willing, but able, to take care of the business of the soccer squad. Of our entries in soccer those who received the coveted letter are Earl, Haines, Wurth, Rehrig, Graham, Leaman, London, Funk and Kenney.

In the committee life of Girard, January '26 has not been lacking. John H. Raymond is the outstanding figure. He has been a member of the Conference and House Committees and chairman of the Sunday Morning Committee. Besides these, Raymond also contributed largely in committees that procured such privileges as were desirable. Others who served were Charles Boyle, member of the Monday Morning Program Committee; Joseph Beisel and Scott Gormley, of the House Committee; William Megary, Harry Mabrey and Thomas Funk, of the Conference Committee; John Dennis, of the Sunday Morning Committee; William Cregar, of the Monday Morning Committee; and Thomas Kenney and Valentine Fox, of the Shop Committee.



JOSEPH F. BEISEL  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Joseph Beisel*  
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G I R A R D



CHARLES A. BOYLE  
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*Charles A. Boyle*  
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*Collingdale Pa.*

C O L L E G E



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*Philip Boyd*  
*3633 Fairview St*



FREDERICK C. P. CARLIDGE  
DARBY, PA.

*F. P. Carlidge*  
*5062 1st St*

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WILLIAM F. CREGAR  $\Lambda \Sigma \Sigma$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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DOMENICO DESIDERIO  $\Lambda \Sigma \Sigma$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*William Cregar*  
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G I R A R D

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C O L L E G E

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*"Menny"**"Lawson"*

JOHN C. DENNIS  $\Lambda \Sigma \Sigma$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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LAWSON S. EARL  
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*John C. Dennis*  
*1111*

*Lawson Earl*





CHARLES FINE *AZZ*  
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MALCOLM L. FINK  
BETHLEHEM, PA.



THOMAS O. FUNK  
SUNBURY, PA.

*"Tommy"*  
*Tommy Funk*  
*637 Linden St.*  
*Bethlehem*



JOHN S. GLEESON  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



GEORGE R. GOLNITZ  $\Lambda \Sigma Z$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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GEORGE S. GORMLEY  $\Lambda \Sigma Z$   
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*Manhattan & 2nd*



GEORGE C. GREEN  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



OTTO G. HARTMAN  $\Lambda \Sigma Z$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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*Otto G. Hartman*  
*2758 C. Buckins*  
COLLEGE



MARVIN C. HAINES  
PLYMOUTH MEETING, PA.



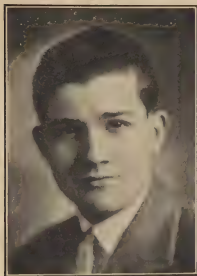
PAUL R. HAWKINS  
AUBURN, PA.

*Marvin C. Haines*

*Paul R. Hawkins*

*"mally"*

*"Sea Horse"*



THOMAS C. KENNEY  $\Lambda E Z$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Thos. C. Kenney*  
*36-56 Shields St.*

G I R A R D

"Ed"



EDWARD C. KURZENBERGER  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Edw. Kurzenberger*  
*1400 E. 1st St.*

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PAUL E. KURZENBERGER  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Paul E. Kurzenberger*  
*36-56 N. 6th St.*

C O L L E G E

"Lem"



CARL LEAMAN  $\Lambda E Z$   
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*Carl W. Leaman*  
*1400 E. 1st St.*



FLOYD V. LONDON  $\Lambda \Sigma Z$   
PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.



WILLIAM H. MEGARY  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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RUSSELL R. MALSURY  
DOYLESTOWN, PA.



VINCENT MICKALUSKIE  
MT. CARMEL, PA.

"male"

"like"

*Russell Malsbury  
275 Mt. Pleasant St.*

*Wm. Megary  
613 N. 4th St.*

*moody**George*

GEORGE H. MOODY  $\Lambda \Sigma Z$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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GEORGE J. QUIRK  $\Lambda \Sigma Z$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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*George J. Quirk*  
*263 7th St.*  
COLLEGE

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*"Pat"*

JAMES L. PATTERSON  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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*"Jack" Dutch*

JOHN H. RAYMOND  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*James L. Patterson*  
*John H. Raymond*





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COLLEGE

"De"



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*2222 N. 22nd St.*

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"Nennie"



CHARLES WIRTH  $\Delta \Sigma \Sigma$   
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Charles Wirth*  
*2222 N. 22nd St.*



## Fourth Year

### THE PRIZE DECLAMATIONS

The section of the literary department allotted to the senior class is in this issue given over to the three prize declamations delivered in the Original Declamation Contest. We submit these three declamations in the hope that they will be received as favorably by our readers as they were by the audience of December fourth.

#### "All the World's a Stage"

William Shakespeare, called by some the world's greatest poet, and known to all as a great observer of human nature, has aptly said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women, merely players." Most of us, not having his vision, take his word for it. We are aware of the happening of events outside our own peculiar sphere, but we do not particularly interest ourselves in them. In other words, we see only that which is behind the footlights, not that which lies beyond them. We take our glimpses of life's hidden dramas to be mere automatic, commonplace things, and dismiss them without a thought, never seeking to delve into the fascinating whorl of causes and motives.

Every day the footlights of this earthly stage glow upon countless hidden dramas, both comic and tragic. The participants in these dramas are not mere puppets, going through memorized roles, but men and women playing in deadly earnest their gripping parts in life's great dress rehearsal. Every day sees scenes more terribly

dramatic—more ludicrously comic than Shakespeare ever conceived, and the miracle is—they have no audience. Poor, stereotyped minds that we are, we must go to a theatre in order to see a reflection of the reality, when all about us is the reality itself.

The drama of reality is everywhere. It is here—in Girard College. Is there nothing dramatic about the entrance of a boy into Girard? I can remember myself the day that I came. It was the first time that I had ever been parted from my mother. And I remember the smiling governess, and how I cried, and how mother cried, and the advice she gave me, and her tearful kiss in parting, and the great emptiness I felt within me when she was gone. And I can imagine her feelings on that day—the feelings of any mother who has spent the best years of her life toiling and planning for her boy, and who now must lose the consolation of his presence because it is for his own good. Drama!—this picture of a mother giving up her boy is drama far more real than ever graced the footlights.

And then there comes to my mind another drama, somewhat akin to this, which takes place every afternoon at five o'clock—when the mill doors open and the mill girls come out on their way home. I have watched one in particular, a pitiful automaton, listlessly dragging her feet—her toil-worn eyes without the semblance of a spark, every touch of life, romance,

vivacity—all visions and dreams—crushed out of her. She has become a hopeless cog in a great machine. Yet some one, possibly a mother, dreamed of a future for this girl—somebody loved her, slaved for her, died for her perhaps, and every fruit of that sacrifice has been shriveled by contact with a deadening reality. This is tragedy far more terrible than ever man's imagination has conceived or man's acting portrayed.

We meet drama in the most unexpected places. The other day I found in one of our large bookstores, among the musty ranks of second hand books, a man whom I shall probably never forget. I remember him as being tall, in a shabby gray overcoat, and having long pale fingers. His face I never saw. My attention was drawn to him by a sob—a startling sound among the whispers of the bookstore—a groan—stifled in the throat—and racking the body with horrible pain because it could not express itself. I was not looking at the man at the time. A moment later he was gone—and I have never seen him since. The book he had been looking at lay open at the flyleaf, and written thereon were the words—"Edwin to Adelaide, June 17, 1900." Yet that was sufficient to explain his sob to me, and sufficient, I am sure, to explain it to you. He is what I call a second hand man because he has been scrapped by time in favor of another. Is it any wonder then, that when, here in the haunts of second handedness, he meets some relic of a happier past, he should bitterly sob?

Thus life is nothing but one great drama composed of many little dramas. There is a drama in every beggar on the streets, in every commuter on the trolley cars, in every clerk in the stores—yes, in every person here this evening. All of us are "merely players, and each man in his time

plays many parts." These he plays impromptu—without any training, without any prompting—confident only in the care of that Great Director without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls. Knowing this; is it not a great pity that so many of us have eyes and see not, when all about us are these dramas of engrossing interest? Is it not a pity that we are compelled to go to the theatre to see roles acted from memory when with only a little deeper judgment we might see beyond the footlights the greatest drama of all—the drama of everyday life?

L. Olmsted, June '26

### Theodore Roosevelt

I suppose that after a fellow has been reading books and newspapers for several years, he tends to single out one or two persons as especially worth while characters. At least, that is the way it has been with me. Ever since I could read books intelligently, I have been fascinated by a man whom you know, whom the world knows; a man whose life has been a series of battles for strength; a series of battles for those ideals that America has cherished since the founding of the Republic—Theodore Roosevelt.

And when I see his picture, or read of him, or even see his name, the very fullness of the man's character rushes over me. Those qualities that brought him out on top are noble, but they are simple ones too. Honesty, tenacity, courage, cleanliness, unquenchable idealism, and an undying love for America,—that is Theodore Roosevelt.

These qualities were illustrated in everything to which he turned his hand: hunting, literature, politics, history, reform, editing, science. But other men have had the same characteristics in the same fields. What then was it that distinguished Theodore Roosevelt from other men? I believe

that it was his aggressive qualities. I do not mean that kind of aggressiveness that goes around with a chip on its shoulder, but the kind of aggressiveness that goes straight ahead when it is in the right. In this connection I am reminded of an incident in Roosevelt's life.

It was midwinter on the prairie. Outside, the biting wind was driving the cold hard snow furiously. In the only hotel of the one-street, cattle town, a quieter chaos reigned. The whole lower floor, occupied by a saloon, was filled with sheepherders who were cowed and being bullied boldly by a drunken swaggering fellow. Suddenly, the door opened, and in from the storm stepped a lean pale young man, wearing glasses. Sizing up the situation at once, the young man tried to slip unnoticed into an obscure corner. But it was not to be. Immediately the bully slouched to where the young man sat, and brandishing a pair of guns, sneeringly proclaimed, "All up fellows, four-eyes is going to treat." At first the youth demurred; but when the other became insistent, he seemed reluctantly to consent. But as he arose from his seat, his fist suddenly shot out, caught his tormentor under the chin, and sent him down to the floor. Then he was thrown out by the sheepherders.

Who was the young man? You know, Theodore Roosevelt. I tell you the incident not because he struck the other in self-defense, but because it shows you Theodore Roosevelt as I want you to see him always—the daring, the aggressive. I want you to symbolize the fallen bully as corruption and rotteness and vice, and I want you to see the young man standing over him as justice and truth.

There are plenty of men who are brave, honest, and patriotic, but a fighting reformer like Roosevelt is rare indeed. You have merely to look at his picture to be

convinced of his ability to go in and win against wickedness wherever he found it. Look at the pair of keen level eyes that seem to be able to flash fire or radiate sympathy; look at the square determined jaw, at the aggressive chin, and at that firm tight-lipped mouth, whose words all true Americans loved to hear, but that struck terror into the hearts of cravens; consider, too, that general suggestion of mighty strength, which he devoted to the protection of all that was right and good and noble.

Here is the man who astounded the New York Assembly by his frankness; who made the Civil Service what it is today; who cleaned up one of the worst political messes in the country in the New York police force; who was so largely responsible for the efficiency of the Navy in the Spanish-American War; who deserted his enviable position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to risk his life under the American flag in Cuba; and then, finally, who returned and as Governor gave New York one of the cleanest administrations she ever had.

I could go on and give you illustration after illustration of how he stood firm as a rock against corruption, of how he spoke what he felt to be true at all times, of how he fought against the things he held to be wrong in politics all his life. His motto was "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest work of man." Like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Grover Cleveland, he was an idealist, and a man who realized his responsibility to the people when he was in office. If he found that the politicians were too much for him, he appealed to the people.

When he was the New York Police Commissioner, he decided to enforce the excise law which demanded that the

saloons be closed on Sunday. The yellow press jeered and cried that the law was dead and could never be enforced. Howls arose from the brewers, the saloon keepers, and the politicians. Then Roosevelt appealed to the people. He told them he was fighting their fight, and that he was trying to make the city a better and more decent place to live in. "I would rather the administration were turned out because it enforces the law," he cried, "than see it succeed by violating it." And in spite of the jeers, and sneers, and hostile demonstrations of enemies he triumphed!

This example just shows what confidence he had in the common sense and judgment of the ordinary person. The people also realized that here, at last, was the genuine article, a man who could and would fight for the things he held to be right everywhere. And with such mutual confidence between himself and the public, who saw in him the embodiment of all American ideals, is it any wonder that he succeeded so well in political life?

From the New York Assembly to the Civil Service Commission; from there to the Navy Department; from Rough Rider to executive of the Empire State; up to the Vice-Presidency, finally receiving the highest honor that the American people can bestow—the *Presidency of the United States*,—such was his rise!

And friends, America owes a good deal to Theodore Roosevelt serving as President: the man who showed fifty millions of people that it is possible to be clean and decent and yet succeed in public life; the man who started the Conservation movement that will be the keynote of our life in future years; whose energy built the Panama Canal; whose wisdom and firmness brought relief to thousands of suffering people in the coal strikes in our country; whose power terminated

that terrible conflict between Russia and Japan, for which he received the highest award that a statesman can attain—the Nobel Peace Prize.

You know, it was only about six weeks ago that the sixty-sixth anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birthday rolled around. And on that day I imagined I was at the side of his grave at Sagamore Hill. As I stood there those words of his came to me, "One man or a thousand may fail, but the cause will not fail, for it is the cause of humanity." When those words flashed across my mind, I wished that he were back now among men that I might tell him that he has not failed, that his cause has not failed; for his life, his deeds and his words have left an indelible mark on America, and made her the better and purer for it.

—Charles Boyle, Jan. '26.

### The Two Artists

Around us, at all times, are pictures; but how many of us ever give them more than a passing glance or thought? This evening, I shall show you what four pictures did for me and what any picture or group of pictures can do for anyone else.

A short time ago, I had the privilege of visiting the Academy of the Fine Arts. I had been wandering around through the halls, when I was unaccountably drawn to an obscure corner; and there amid the fading light of day, I saw a small picture marked "A Dutch Garden." Immediately I was transported from the Academy to the scene of the picture. On all sides were flowers of various shapes and colors, a great change in contrast with our own now barren lawns. Not far away, I saw the quaintest little cottages I had ever seen. There they were, small and queer, with their little thatched roofs. Out of the door of one of them came two

children, a boy and a girl. Both were dressed in the prevailing peasant style, except that their clothes were of an unusual hue and their wooden sabots polished to an astonishing degree. Soon more and more people came, all dressed in the same bright colors, red, purple and orange. All about me I heard strange voices and the air was filled with an odd noise and chatter. What could it be? What did it mean?

I was awakened out of my dream by the rude warning of one of the attendants. I passed on, hastily, with the resolution that I should come again, and find out more of this.

The opportunity again offered itself a week later. Due to the forced manner of exit, I had not had time to take my bearings, and so was compelled to look for the object of my search.

Happily I had no trouble, for the same unknown force lured me on. Imagine my astonishment, when I reached presumed destination, to find before me not the picture of my last week's contemplation, but an entirely new one. This one was entitled "The Market," and was, incidentally, by the same artist as the other. I used the same tactics as before, and soon found myself, apparently at least, on a long stretch of street in what appeared to be a respectable Dutch settlement. I tried to recall to my mind some connection with the little cottages, but could not, until suddenly down the street, I saw the same boy and girl I had seen the week before. The answer to this seeming puzzle slowly dawned on me. Here was the sequel, here was a continuation of my picture, here was the answer to the unusual gaiety and bright colors, the weekly market day. How different from our own!

Stretched out before me were long

stalls filled with fruits and vegetables. In and about the stalls were men and women, their faces smiling with happiness. On the cabbages and carrots of one of the stalls sat a young girl. It would be impossible for me to describe her. I can only say that she seemed to be what most of our modern writers would call the most beautiful girl in the world. Yes, there she sat, combing a golden mass of curly hair, which hung far below her waist. Some one sat beside her, evidently her sister, knitting while her lips framed the words of a quaint Dutch song.

It was a lovely scene, one which I shall never forget. As the picture came, so it went; and to this day, I know not the cause of being so magically transported into the heart of a real Dutch village. Some of you may laugh and say, "Imagination, mere imagination;" but as for myself, I doubt not that the experience was a real one. It at least proved to me that pictures are not as some people commonly suppose, a mere dash of colors, mingled carelessly together.

This episode made such a lasting impression upon me that from this time on I have an entirely different conception of pictures and the powers of pictures.

Since then, I have not had another opportunity of again visiting the Academy, but now and then I do find time to look at the pictures of the greatest artist of all, Nature.

The pictures of Nature never have been, and never will be, equalled or excelled. Let me describe to you one of her pictures, which I saw a short time ago as I sat musing in Fairmount Park.

All seemed peaceful and quiet. The ground was covered with variously shaped and colored leaves. Every leaf was dressed in the gay colors of autumn. Peach bloom was mingled with burnt



orange, bronze with crimson, nut brown with a stripe of moss green; tan and burnished gold were also to be seen. And the wonder of it all was the perfect harmony into which they blended together.

Above them standing erect like gaunt giants were the trees. The maples with their noble stature and grace, towering high towards the heavens, seemed to defy future generations; the lombardy poplars, lofty and pleasing to the eye, broke the sky line at irregular intervals; and the oaks, the landmarks of the ages, stood strong and powerful. There they stood, dignified, all of them, in all their glory and splendor. In the distance, thru the openings in the trees, I could see the river, its shimmering waters, dancing onward, toward the sea, ninety miles away. Calmly floating listlessly, above the tree-tops, were great mountains of clouds; and above the clouds, the sky, a deep sapphire color. Mixed with the sapphire were the gold and scarlet of the sunset.

The sky itself formed a picture; with hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, land and ocean, streams and brooklets, bordered on which were huge gigantic trees. A truly wonderful and inspiring sight.

Slowly the sky was transformed, the sun frowned and hid its face, and the clouds trembled. A sudden roar, a flash

of lightning, and then without warning, the clouds burst, and a downpour of rain followed.

This spectacular performance put an end to my picture study, but yielded to me a secret I had never thought of before. Nature has that same power to change her pictures at will even as have the lesser artists.

The following day, I again went to the park, and this time, due to the changing of the rain to snow, as far as the eye could see the world was covered with a white downy blanket. Every branch and twig was bent with its burden of ermine. No longer did the branches resemble outspreading arms pointing heavenward, but instead hung low, as if borne down by their covering. Gone from the trees was the likeness to gaunt giants. Not a cloud was in the now grey sky. The sun again was shining, its rays casting weird shapes upon the glistening crystals of white.

And thus it was that I found out about that great glory and power which God has given to only one of His servants.

So live, and with thy living get the most out of life, and with thy getting get understanding, that you may understand the things which the Almighty has seen fit to give you.

Leonard Sheetz, Jan. '26

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## Third Year

### The Mascot in the World Series

As the winning run in the deciding game of the World Series is scored, the successful runner is the center of all eyes, and the subject of wild acclaim. Yet in the hearts of many boys the hero shares his glory with another—the mascot of the team. The star player occupies a position

to be won only after years of effort. The mascot, however, represents glory achieved here and now.

As a mascot to a team in the World Series, a boy receives the respect of the public, for he is part of the team competing in the most exciting athletic event in baseball. The mascot is envied not only by

thousands of American boys but also by many of an older generation. Imagine the thrill of rushing out before the gaze of thousands to offer a bat to the home-run king. There are thousands of boys that would sacrifice almost everything to perform such a service. Greater yet would be the sensation of picking up a bat or glove just used by the American idol, Walter Johnson. A mascot's life is filled with such incidents.

The mascot is the recipient of old balls, gloves, and sweaters. This means that after his service he has saved many souvenirs of exciting games and famous players, a collection worth more than its sentimental value. In victory the mascot celebrates with the team; in defeat he has the enviable privilege of offering personal consolation to players.

The mascot makes friends with famous players and noted managers, whereas the ordinary boy admires from the distance of the bleachers baseball's celebrities and must be satisfied to collect their pictures. The ordinary boy has one consolation. What mascot with all his glory and fame ever grew up to play in the big leagues?

Lavere Spaulding, Jan. '27

### Dr. Faustus

Twenty-four years of life, happy years, conquering years, but years bound with the chains of Lucifer and all that dark and awful host; then an eternity of submission and suffering in the tortures of Hades. Faustus had lived and enjoyed his twenty-four years, and now it is one hour before midnight—one hour more for Faustus to be a human, before Satan will come to claim his soul. Prayers meant for heaven had recoiled; his soul was past redemption from even such an all-forgiving God. An appealing hand meant to be

raised, was held to his side by the will of Lucifer. He is all alone to spend his last hour; no, not all alone, his bitter thoughts remain his companion—a much dreaded solace. One bare hour—thoughts—then to be condemned perpetually under the heavens, within the bowels of the elements, to be tortured, forever tortured.

The hour has reached the quarter; the ever-moving spheres of heaven cannot be stopped; the pendulum slowly swings away the life of a servant of Hades. He may but recant; he cannot be forgiven: too late! too late! He makes a vain attempt to leap into the heavens to his God,—a supernatural force holds him to the earth. While looking for the force which holds him to the ground so inexplicably, yet so successfully, he beholds a sight which causes mingled feelings of emotion, distress, and shame to mount to the surface, and to brim over with the exclamation, "See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament." One precious drop, nay, half a drop, and Faustus could again look upon the face of his fellow-men. Alas, too late! Oh, Lucifer, have mercy on the soul of this misled man! and make him not to suffer for a sin so foolishly bargained! Too late, too late! The clock strikes the half hour.

The pain grows greater, more and more unbearable, thoughts are slowly racking and tearing his mind asunder, his reason is becoming clouded and blunted, his magic is useless. The metempsychosis of the East does not prove itself. His body does not turn into that of a beast—nor will his soul dissolve into the elements. How can the soul of Faustus escape the torments of the fiery pit? The clock sounds the third quarter. Oh heaven, let his soul suffer for a thousand years—a hundred thousand years, then—but, let there be an end! Too late, too late!

A few last minutes before the pit yawns. Faustus curses the day of his birth as ill-fated, star-crossed. Conscience stabs. "Mine the fault?" "Thine, Faustus; therefore curse thyself—and the Powers of Darkness." The time is at hand; one last appeal to heaven! The clock strikes; one last appeal to the false idols; thunder and lightning, and the demons range themselves around the stricken man, to carry away another soul into the dark void.

R. McClure, Jan. '27

### A Tree

Born in obscurity, the tree during its life is yet one of the most beautiful subjects in nature's realm. As soon as it appears above the ground its struggle for existence has begun. Keen competition is given it by other tender shoots, for they, too, must have sunlight and food. The struggle is not alone with its own kind; frost, wind, rain, drought, and microscopic insects, all do their best to kill the young growing tree.

Full grown, the tree has won a beauty, physical and spiritual, worthy the effort. In height the tree towers majestically. Its thousands of leaves rustle in the wind, or falling, drift to the ground. Though beautiful in form the tree is even more inspiring in spiritual meaning. I have no words to express my sensations. I remember, however, that the poet, Joyce Kilmer, trying to express something like my unworded thought, wrote:

"Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree."

John Simpson, Jan. '27

### Taste in Reading

When a boy first enters the world of books, his tastes are directed toward tales of fairies and stories of animals. These he reads with huge delight and undivided interest. Having passed this stage, he enters the "blood and thunder" period. Here he breathlessly follows the adventures of certain gentlemen of the West whose names are taboo in polite literature. After being reprimanded often for covert perusal of such thrilling volumes, he gives up his pursuit of these blood-quickeners of the West, to enter upon the third adventure of his life in the world of books.

In this period he reads clean, wholesome stories of sport and adventure. He fiercely plunges through the line with Barbour, and audaciously eludes the Indians with Altsheler. These books are more absorbing, for the reader places himself in the position of the plunging fullback, or the stealthy Indian fighter, as the case may be, and so enjoys the story twofold. The boy remains in this stage of his development for a long time, appreciating more and more each book he reads.

As the boy emerges from this period, he begins to read romances and love stories, in which he takes an interest, being at an impressionable age.

After the boy graduates from high school, he alone is responsible for the course of reading which he chooses. Some will read the current novels, while others will explore the treasures of books worthwhile in all ages. The latter is the true bibliophile.

Edward George, Jan. '27

## Second Year

### January

It is one of those dark, dismal days in January. Without, the snow is falling, swirling in a blizzard-like fashion. Though

the day is dark, it does not suppress the spirit of youth. Joyful shrieks of laughter are carried to us on the frost-laden wind. Perhaps a snow fight is in progress, with

the enemy rushing upon the defenders of the fort, only to be driven back by well aimed snow missiles. Or, this laughter may be caused by the righteous indignation of a stately passerby, whose best hat is bombarded from his head by these same brave warriors of January.

Up the street comes a little, swarthy stooped man, pushing a cart. He is the well known vender of hot wieners. While he sells his wares, he smiles. But that smile is a feeble attempt to hide a breaking heart. Business was bad to-day. From time to time he is told by a burly red faced policeman to move on. He has sold practically nothing to-day. The cold January wind bites through his time-worn garments. Thus we see, January brings on the one hand, joy, and the other, sorrow.

Robert O'Boyle, Jan. '28

### The Omen

A small French peasant boy walked along the dusty road. It was spring time. The sun shone brightly and all nature was happy. But still he was sad. His father was somewhere, fighting for France. The boy's home had been destroyed, his mother, his three younger sisters, and he living in an old, half-destroyed barn. Food was very scarce, and their clothes were in rags. True, the Americans were coming across the sea to help his country.

Suddenly he saw a shadow pass by him and heard shrill noises in the air. Looking up he saw two large birds which he recognized from having seen their pictures many times in his school books. One was a large, black vulture, the other, an eagle. These two birds were fighting. After many breathless minutes of his watching, the vulture faltered and plunged to earth. Then his face lit up with joy and he walked down the road happy.

Robert Kugler, Jan. '28

### A Winter Night

Every corner, nook, or smaller place in the open was covered with clean, crisp snow; and the hills, valleys, and forests were pure white. The snow whirled and twisted through the nightly gloom. It mounted, remounted, grew higher and still higher, inch by inch; till at last, it lay white, deep, and cold, eternally still.

E. R. Shanabrook, Jan '28

### Echo

Slowly there came the form of a small canoe. A young man guided the craft while a lovely young girl sang sweetly to the sound of a dreamy mandolin. All the murmurs of the forest folk ceased as this loving picture glided in and out among the long shadows of the trees and down through the glimmering path of moonlight. As the music faintly faded, the echo of love seemed lingering behind. And well into the night the forest folk listened with their mates.

G. C. Hunter, Jan. '28

### Keep Riding Your Hobby

What are the most important things in a man's life? As often as this thought entered my mind so often I have pondered it. My solution to it came through imagining a war.

Now the combat is on! The first casualties happen to befall the Epicurean and Stoic principals which are battered here and there till they finally have to leave the scene of battle. I made a strategic move by capturing men of all the combatants. As prisoners of war each man will be transferred to a different deserted island where each shall live—alone! Although my treatment is harsh, I give to each a voice in the way his life is to be organized.

The first to exercise this privilege

claimed food, clothing, shelter and then asked for something to do in his spare time. All made the same claim; all urged the same request. My curiosity led me to question each as to his use of time unoccupied by duty. The answers were various. One would gather oddly shaped stones. His fellow, of a different turn of mind, wanted to hunt, not stones, but animals. Another wished to search his island for relics of a past civilization, and thus to make a collection.

Now it seems to me that it is just as important to develop the hobby instinct in the normal life of today as it would be in the foregoing imaginary catastrophe. Hobbies need not be of value; of course they may be. It is not the value that counts but the benefits that one acquires. Hobbies are interests that will actively occupy the mind and take it away from the worries of work. One may acquire knowledge, collect articles, or create something. Although hobbies are easily found, one still unfortunately hears the cry, "I have nothing to do". What answer is there to this problem, my problem? Hobbies, of course!

Knecht, June '28

### My Plans are Laid

Before I was six years old, I had an idea that I wanted to be a chauffeur so that I could have plenty of automobile rides. When I went to school, I wished to become a teacher. After the lapse of a few years, my thoughts turned to doctors. Knowing them, I envied them; thinking they could help me, I planned to be one of them.

At the present time, however, I expect to become a lawyer. At first I did not know what kind of lawyer to be, but now I want to be a lawyer carrying on a real

estate business. My plan is first to secure a training in commercial law, and then, joining a real estate business, to sell houses, mortgages, life insurance, and stock in building and loan associations. In so doing I shall have both a profession and a business to fall back on. Now that I have chosen the law and business, I feel no regret about forsaking my earlier choices.

Goldberg, June '28

### Winter's War

Winter is now hurling his strongest weapons against fortified Nature who, having sent her weaker members South before the siege began, feels safe as she stands stiff against the cold and ice of Winter's commander, Jack Frost. This commander is very strategic. After a long bombardment he suddenly stops and retreats for a day or two causing people to think Nature has won. Although people are neutral, Jack sometimes gives them colds if they are foolhardy enough to believe he has been beaten. Jack Frost then redoubles his bombardment under cover of falling snow by sending sharp blasts of wind which break branches and freeze ponds. Nature, in the meantime, has been dicker with Spring, her ally, through her trusty messengers, the birds. About the end of March, Spring will invade the north and drive Winter's hordes before her thus ending the three months' siege.

Harry Davis, Jan '28

### A Penny

"Oh, what a relief!" exclaimed M. Le Penny as he and his friends were carted from the mint. "No more pounding, no more punching. Oh, but I feel fine!"

When a few days have taken wing, our hero finds himself in the vest pocket of a

rich banker. The world outside the mint and inside pockets was by no means what he had thought it to be; indeed it was very different. He tried to chat with a new five dollar bill, but the warmth of such close confinement discouraged talk. Would he never get out?

Immediate relief was at hand. Among the coppers with which the broker tipped the bootblack was our handsome, bright penny. A few dreary hours pass in the bootblack's dingy pocket before M. Le Penny, finding a small hole, tugs, pulls and finally drops to the pavement, rolling over the curb into the street.

He had just begun to enjoy his freedom when a boyish hand clutched him. Again he is imprisoned, this time in a small clenched fist that offered no escaping hole. The little fellow enters a store and in exchange for a delicious sourball surrenders his find, our penny. "Oh, what a life!" sighed M. Le Penny as he jangled to the bottom of the cash register.

Days become weeks, weeks turn to months, and our friend has seen the

butcher, barber, tailor,—and who not? Counting fingers have rubbed off his shining newness. Again a hole is found and again he drops to the pavement. On he rolls to the curb where for a second he balances on the edge. Down, down, down! He rattles against the iron pipe. Better this than living in a dirty old pocket; the thought comforted him. As he sank to the river bottom, he gulped in a tired voice, "Now for a long, long rest."

Friedenberg, June '28.

### The Discovery

The sun has drawn in all her beams  
And twilight spreads around.  
The world is sleeping, so it seems;  
There is no voice nor sound.

From out the starlit heaven deep  
A silver stream appears  
To soothe and quiet weary sleep,  
And dry away the tears.

Huge shadows lie along the ground  
Like ghosts from far away.  
The world was lost, but now is found—  
A silver-tinted day!

Friedenberg, June '28

## First Year

### Egypt

Let's take a trip to Egypt,  
The land along the Nile,  
Where the soil is rich and fertile,  
Where we find the crocodile.  
Where the peasants raised their cattle,  
Where the freemen made their ware,  
Where the nobles ruled their kingdoms,  
Midst the desert very bare.  
In the days of Seti Second,  
In the days of Thutnose Third  
The Egyptian bound'ries spread around,  
Like wings of a giant bird.  
In the Pyramids and rock tombs,  
These ancient kings abide,  
For their lands they fought with bravery,  
And for their lands they died.

Bowman, Jan. '29

### Shoulder to the Wheel

It was a foggy day, and it had just stopped raining. Dinner was over and the boys of Building Number 5 were on the west playground for a brief recess until one o'clock.

A heavily laden wagon came slowly up the slippery Main Road. It came from Delaware Avenue, and only two horses were pulling it. When the wagon got as far as the Armory the horses stopped. They could pull it no farther. The teamster urged them onward, but they could not get started. Then a crowd of the larger boys of Number 5



gave it a push. It started, and the horses which had had a rest, could now pull it to Building Number 8, where the big boxes which contained canned food were unloaded.

This shows the spirit of the Girard College boy. He is willing to help even a working horse with his own strength.

Robert Smith, June '29

### The Cratchits' Thanksgiving

The kitchen door was closed and through the keyhole, the savory aroma of roast turkey, browned johnny cake, apple dumplings and plum pudding issued. "The twenty-sixth!" I thought, "why this is Thanksgiving! And my! What a lot I have to be thankful for!" I mused as I slowly trod thru to the barnyard. There was that formidable jack-knife, a present from Uncle John and my new brown rabbits and Black Beauty! I arrived at the barnyard to find the fattest and primest young turkey missing.

I returned to the kitchen and peeped thru the keyhole, and such a sight as met my eyes! Mother was stuffing an enormous gobbler which even then I fancied gobbled way, way down in his innards as he thought of the bountiful repast he was to furnish us hungry urchins. Steaming and groaning was the pie, complaining of its generous fillings, while sur-

prize was written all over the ruby red cheeks of the apples that glistened on the sideboard. Sister was removing the apple dumplings fairly wallowing in syrup. The pie smiled at me, a nice, round pieish smile and a potato actually winked at me with his one remaining eye. The turkey (now finished) sat turkish fashion on a platter splitting his sides, but not in laughter, it was due to the liberal stuffings of spicy spice and crumbly crumbs.

Just then the door opened and who should enter but Uncle John, Aunt Sue, and Tiny Tim.

It seemed as though dinner would never be ready. Like the Cratchets in Dickens we stood in mortal fear of some unforeseen accident. But such a dinner as was finally completed! The table legs seemed wobbly supporting the weigh of appetizing abundance and I accordingly sat expectant by the meal before me.

"God bless us all, and we give thanks for these and other blessings," said noble brother Hal who had been our household support since father's sudden taking off.

"God bless us every one," echoed little Tim from his perch in the highchair; and mother, dear mother, as usual, looked on, her whole happiness consisting in making every one else comfortable. What treasures our mothers are.

Gilbert Burleigh, June '29





### The Success of Our Soccer Team

The Girard soccer team has gone thru another season without blemish to its record, excepting the 1-0 defeat administered by the Alumni. We can excuse the Alumni for defeating us, however, because they are products of our own system.

It is exceedingly difficult to find a player who by his outstanding work is entitled to special commendation, because our team functioned as a well built piece of machinery. We might mention, however, Funk, captain and outside left; Graham, outside right; and Earle, fullback. These three players earned our plaudits by their timely booting and skillful playing in all our games. We do not underrate, nor do we forget, the other members of the soccer team. They, too, forged many links in the chain of victory. Girard's student body owes—and we must say shows—appreciation to the entire team for carrying the banner of Steel and Garnet through such a victorious season.

Our appreciation should grow in volume when we recall the games won. Haverford College Reserves, George School and Upper Darby all came to earth under the influence of Girard's kickers. Westtown, our rival ever since we can remember, fought us to a 1-1 deadlock on their field, our only tied game of the year.

We can only start plans for next year's team and hope that it is as fast and clever as the one Coach Otto has produced this year.

### Girard 4, Germantown High School 1

The Cliveden team must have been impressed with the speed and cleverness of Girard's soccer organization, for when the referee signaled that hostilities were over, the final count was Girard 4, Germantown High 1.

And even that lone score was not put in by our opponents. Haines made a peculiar turn of the foot, which, instead of sending the ball out of that dangerous position, pushed it directly into the goal. On the offensive, Girard could not be held in check, and we presented a defense that Germantown could not fathom.

GIRARD	GERMANTOWN HIGH
James	goal
Haines	left fullback
Earle	right fullback
Dunkleberger	right halfback
Wurth	center halfback
Rehrig	left halfback
Graham	outside right
Webb, London	inside left
Bordoni	center forward
Funk	inside right
	outside left
	Connors
	Schochut
	Brinlove
	Maskowitz
	Bowers
	Holmes
	Beattie
	Carter
	Beans
	Benners
	Clayton

Goals—London 2, Graham 2, Haines.

Referee—Smith.

**Girard 3, George School 0**

Our ancient and honorable enemy, George School, in this year's game, proved to be just another team to play, and did not give the opposition for which they are noted. When the final whistle blew, the score stood three for Girard and zero for the visitors.

The home team started out early to score, and secured two goals during the first half. Our goal keeper did not have much to busy him, for George School was promptly squelched whenever they showed undue enthusiasm for scoring. Girard, however, succeeded in getting the ball down the field at pleasure, and before the game had ended, scored another goal.

**GIRARD****GEORGE SCHOOL**

James	goal	Coles
Haines	left fullback	Hayes
Earle	right fullback	Evans
Spotts	right halfback	Jones
Wurth	center halfback	Gaillard
Rehrig	left halfback	Brown
London	center forward	Nelson
Krohmer	inside left	Bullen
Graham	outside right	Stradley
Funk	outside left	Dutton
Montgomery	inside right	Innes

Goals—Montgomery, Funk, London.

Referee—J. Spence.

**Girard 2, Haverford Col. Res. 0**

The "main line" of our attack on the Haverford College Reserve team was so effective that the collegians gave ground sufficient for us to emerge from the battle on the winning end of a 2-0 score.

Graham shot one in from a corner, a rare happening that attests the skill of the player. Webb accounted for the other point. Though the Main Liners did not score they certainly gave the College many anxious moments, and it is generally agreed that this game was the most difficult yet played.

**GIRARD****HAVERFORD COL. RES.**

James	goal	McGuire
Haines	left fullback	Forsythe
Earle	right fullback	Snyder
Rehrig	left halfback	Armstrong
Wurth	center halfback	Silver
Spotts	right halfback	Mayer
Funk	outside left	Estes
Bordoni	inside left	Lest
Montgomery	inside right	Wister
London	center forward	Hoag
Graham	outside right	Cary

**Girard 1, Westtown 1**

In our only soccer game played away from the College this season, Girard and Westtown fought to a standstill, score 1-1.

The game was played in a heavy wind which hampered team play. The ball was constantly misjudged, and both sides had difficulty in developing any sort of passing game. Westtown scored during the early moments of the game, Bordoni's shot later tying the score. The score being still tied at the end of the regulation periods, two five-minute periods were played, but to no avail. Because of the lack of information we are unable to print the lineups.

**Girard 5, Penn Fresh 1**

Although Penn Fresh had an ex-Girardian on their team, McGowan, this helpful influence did not enable them to score more than one goal.

The game was played under windy conditions, so that the placing of kicks and skillful passing were difficult; however, Girard put three goals in with the wind against them, and followed with two more in the last half. The offensive of Girard worked perfectly, the result of a season's effort, and the defense worked as well, though the Freshmen did not give much opposition. This game was the last of the season, counting the Alumni as a family affair.

## GIRARD

## PENN FRESH

James	goal	Douglass
Haines	left fullback	Sellers
Earle	right fullback	Goldstone
Spotts	right halfback	Mincher
Wurth	center halfback	Downs
Rehrig	left halfback	Stravensky
London	center forward	Houghton
Bordoni	inside right	McGowan
Graham	outside right	MacDonald
Funk	outside left	Hulore
Leaman	inside left	Puttle

Goals—London, Wurth, Leaman, Funk  
Graham, Hulore.

Referee—J. Spence.

## Girard's Junior Varsity

With our interest centered on a Varsity, we are rather inclined to overlook our second team; but since our first teams of the future are formed from our second teams of today, we desire to call attention to the achievements of the junior varsity soccer team.

The team this year was coached by Mr. Groff and the playing of the team was such that a remarkable record of the College was kept clean; i. e., this is the seventh year that our second teams have gone thru a season without defeat. Several members of the team, Montgomery, Pastore and Spotts, manifested such ability that they wore a Garnet jersey on the first team in several games during the season.

The following games were played, and most were with, as can be seen, the junior representatives of the schools whose first teams met our first team.

## Alumni 1, Girard 0

The result of the game on Thanksgiving Day with erstwhile members of Girard soccer teams, was a distinct surprise to the Girard team and students because we generally defeat the Alumni.

Substitutions on the Alumni team were frequent in order to give all members present a chance to play. The ball was kept traveling back and forth, until N. Robinson counted, driving the ball in from the ten yard line. Funk, Girard's captain, kicked the ball in, too, but Referee Spence decided that he had been off-side. The game was witnessed by a goodly number of Alumni besides the upper classmen of Girard.

## ALUMNI

## GIRARD

Miller	goal	James
Carr	right fullback	Haines
Jones	left fullback	Earle
Knoepple	right halfback	Rehrig
Maillardet	left halfback	Spotts
Dunkle	center halfback	Wurth
Cole	outside right	Leaman
N. Robinson	inside right	Bordoni
Viohl	center forward	Graham
Yost	inside left	Funk
J. Robinson	outside left	Montgomery

Goals—N. Robinson.

Referee—Spence. Linesmen—Biesel, Illy.

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Southern High School.....	0
Girard .....	5

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Upper Darby High.....	0
Girard .....	7

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West Phila. High.....	1
Girard .....	5

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Germantown High .....	0
Girard .....	4

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Phila. Normal (1st team).....	1
Girard .....	3

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Westtown Boarding School.....	0
Girard .....	3

### Girard Victorious Over West Phila.

The swimming season opened successfully for the Girard natators, when they defeated West Phila. H. S. by a score of 44 to 18. The Girardians won most of the events but by a close margin. The 200-yard relay was won by Girard, with the competitors close behind. Girard also took first place in the 50-yard dash, won by Funk; in the 100-yard dash, won by F. Jones; in diving, by Teti (1) and Mood (2); in the 50-yard breast stroke, won by Grant (1) and Montgomery (2); and in the 50-yard back stroke, won by Bevan (1) and Burns (3). We also received third in the 220-yard dash, Lemmon netting that place for us.

### Girard Loses to Central High

Our swimmers lost an exciting meet to Central High on Tuesday, December 1. The Girard mermen put up a good fight, and kept Central paddling rapidly to keep ahead. The final score was 33 to 29.

Girard lost all first places but in the diving in which Mood received first and Teti second; and in the 100-yard breast stroke, Grant being first and Montgomery second. In the 100-yard free style, Jones and Doerful took second and third places. The 50-yard dash resulted in Funk's getting third.

### Girard Loses to Coatesville

On Saturday, December 5, Girard swimmers visited Coatesville, and unfortunately were again defeated. However, there being a chance for a return meet, we expect to avenge our defeat at that time.

The relay race, being tightly contested was finally won by Coatesville. Girard received first (Grant) and second (Montgomery) in the 100-yard breast stroke; second (Lemmon) and third (Spahr) in the 220-yard swim; second (Bevan) and third (Funk) in the 50-yard dash; first (Mood) and second (Teti) in the fancy diving contest; third (Doerful) in the 100-yard dash; and third (Bevan) in the back stroke. Three lengths of Coatesville's pool constitutes 50 yards. As the Girardians are used to only two lengths, it was quite a hindrance to swim in such a strange pool. The final score of the contest was Coatesville 36, Girard 25.

### The Scrub

One minute more to play;  
Still comes another down.  
Which team shall wear the crepe,  
And which the winner's crown?

The signal sharp is called,  
With each man on his toes;  
The end breaks through the line,  
As the fullback starts and goes.

The end dives at his foe,  
The scrub steps in the way;  
The fullback makes a score,  
The hero of the day.

The stands burst forth with joy,  
(So does the meagre "sub")  
All thinking of the fullback  
And no one of the scrub.

Then off the field he's borne  
For he has won great fame.  
But yonder plods alone,  
The hero of the game.

C. T. Vare, Jan. '28



### George J. Elliott

On November 11, 1925, Honorable George J. Elliott of the Board of Directors passed away, at the age of 71.

Born in 1856 in Philadelphia where he did his life work. Mr. Elliott started his career as a construction engineer for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Later when he was employed by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, the Reading Terminal at Twelfth and Market Streets was constructed under his supervision. For the past thirty years, however, he had served as an official of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. At the time of his retirement in April 1924 he was assistant to the president of the company. He spent a large part of his life in civic and state affairs. He was a member of the Electoral Colleges which elected Presidents Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt, and served on the Board of Directors of City Trusts. He was also a member of the Valley Forge Commission.

In connection with the Board of Directors of City Trusts Mr. Elliott came into intimate relations with Girard College. He was appointed on June 6, 1917, and served as a member of the Household and Repairs Committees, and was Chairman of the Committee on Admission, Discipline and Discharge. The life of Mr. Elliott is a story of devotion to his city and to his fellow men.

### The Sanding Machine

One of the recent additions to the carpentry shop is a new sanding machine. This machine, one of the latest models, was purchased from the J. A. Fay and Egan Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, for the price of thirty-nine hundred dollars. It has a weight of approximately four thousand pounds and occupies a floor space of eight by four feet.

This machine is properly called the "three-drum endless bed sander." The wood enters at one end drawn by an endless bed of rubber vacuum rings. Three sand paper drums, each driven by an individual motor, are so arranged as to let the wood come in contact first with the coarse grade of paper before meeting with the fine grade of polish paper. Another motor operates the bed and oscillates the drums which slide from left to right on their axes thus preventing scratches that otherwise might remain on the wood. The wood leaves from the opposite side of the machine. The act of raising or lowering the bed which feeds the wood is taken care of by the power of another motor. A board as wide as three feet and as thick as six inches can be put through the machine.

The motors vary from seven and one-half to four horse power and from eleven hundred to twenty hundred revolutions per minute. The gearing is so arranged that four different speeds can be main-



tained. The bed of vacuum rings is cleaned by two line brushes, and all the dust is carried away through suction exhaust pipes which fit tightly over the machine.

The cost of this machine and the cost of operating will soon be repaid. Formerly such jobs as large table tops, drawing desks, etc. were sent to milling companies to be sanded, especially when there were many to be done.

The acquisition of the new machine means, then, that not only will the cost of having another company do the work be avoided, but the waste of time will be done away with.

### Debaters Set Record

On Monday morning, October 26, in the Auditorium of the High School, Leonard Sheetz, S-2, and John O'Donnell, S-1, of the affirmative and William Megary, S-2, and Louis Olmsted, S-1, of the negative debated the question "Resolved: That capital punishment as a law should be abolished in every state in the Union." Lawson Earl, chairman of the morning, introduced the speakers; Marcel Clark, the question.

The debate was given in the presence of the students and faculty of the High School, with the Honorable Harry S. McDevitt, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas No. 1, the Honorable Raymond MacNeille, President Judge of the Municipal Court, and Mr. Franklin K. Trimble, an alumnus of the College of the Class of 1901, as judges.

Marcel Clark, who gave the history of the question, showed that it was the justification of the law which was to be debated, as well as the practicability and necessity of the matter.

John O'Donnell, the first speaker of the affirmative, endeavored to demon-

strate that while we punish criminals as we do by the use of the death penalty, we are increasing crime rather than diminishing it. Mr. O'Donnell concluded by saying, "This is indeed a great tragedy, when, with all our advancement in science and learning, we still cling to this ancient, medieval idea of punishment."

Following the first speaker of the affirmative, Louis Olmsted of the negative delivered what was considered by some the best original speech ever given from the platform by a student of the College. Mr. Olmsted, indeed, put his point over when he said, "Now is not the time to let down the bars, to relax or mitigate the penalty for premeditated murder."

Leonard Sheetz, the second speaker of the affirmative, commenced by stating that capital punishment was neither practicable, nor deterrent. He showed that many ble nor deterrent. He showed that many the continuance of the death penalty as a law; to quote, "There is no human instrumentality, under heaven, fit to pronounce and execute an irrevocable judgment." He ended by stating, "There is only one alternative—life imprisonment."

The last speaker for the negative, William Megary, stated that this punishment was segregative, reformative, humane, practical, and was sanctioned by the Bible. In concluding he said, "If criminals cannot reform among their betters in the outside world, is it likely that when they are congregated in the prisons, this reform will come about?"

The rebuttal as was to be expected with debaters so inexperienced was not up to the standard set by the presentation speeches. It demonstrated, however, very clearly the potential ability present in the Girard boy. Attention was drawn to this

in the brief address given by Judge McDevitt, who announced the affirmative as winners of the debate.

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### Campus Notes

On Friday, October 16, the band gave a brief concert on the north City Hall Plaza. Before the concert, the band made a short march on Broad Street. Quite a crowd gathered to hear the music.

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On Monday, October 19, in the Auditorium, William Heavner, Concertmaster of the Orchestra, rendered several violin solos. Heavner's performance is an indication of the excellent work being accomplished by the Orchestra.

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At a meeting of the Conference Committee, it was decided to buy six new victrola records a month for each section from A to D. Mr. Ralston purchases the records. In addition, the committee decided to procure a radio for Buildings 2 and 3.

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From Monday evening, November 2, to Thursday evening, November 5, a series of lectures on electricity was given by Mr. Fred Ripley of the Publicity Department of the General Electric Company. Mr. Ripley was interesting and humorous, and everybody appreciated his lectures. Before and sometimes after each lecture, a motion picture was shown to illustrate the uses of electricity. The object of these lectures was to give a better idea of electricity as applied to everyday life.

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At a meeting of the Commercial Forum on November 4, in the Auditorium, the subject was debated "Resolved: That the Shorthand Course at Girard

College is of more value to the Girard College boy than the Accounting Course." The negative won. Although much evidence was given pro and con the fellows' convictions about the subject were not changed in the least.

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On Monday, November 9, Dr. Clarence Fisher of the Commercial Museum gave an illustrated lecture from the Auditorium platform about Yellowstone National Park. The lecture from the standpoint of appreciation by the audience was one of the best of its kind ever given at Girard.

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A new electric player-piano has been purchased and placed in Mr. Carey's room. This is the finest type of electric player-piano. The boys have been using it for dancing practice.

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Mr. Pfouts has secured for the orchestra much new music, including six orchestra albums containing selections from great operas and from eminent composers.

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When the question arose among the clubs as to whether there should be a joint meeting for the final get-together of the term, the clubs voted unanimously to allow each club to meet separately and choose its own activities for the evening.

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On Monday, November 2, the senior classes went to the Broad Street Theatre to witness the play, "School for Scandal." The Glee Club went the following week to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear "Aida." Both parties enjoyed the entertainments very much.

On Friday, November 28, the heads of the departments of the High School attended a meeting of the Association of Preparatory Schools and Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland, held in New York. Various modern educational problems were discussed and interesting talks were given on these problems. The teachers who went to the meeting told their classes about the matters discussed and the talks given.

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The list of Chapel speakers for November was one of the best that we have ever had. The speakers were Dr. Ottman, Master at Penn Charter School; Mr. N. C. Hanks, a religious worker who is physically incapacitated through loss of his hands and eyes, but who, nevertheless, spends his life in service for others; Dr. John Wilkinson, a physician and Sunday school worker who is an impressive speaker; Dr. Thomas Blaisdell, who has recently made a tour of the world; Mr. Jacob Billikopf, philanthropist; and Major Vincent A. Carroll, a lawyer who is, like the others, a server of fellow men, and a lawyer by profession. All of these men spoke very impressively and left a message which will not be soon forgotten. We hope that every month we may have a list of speakers like this.

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It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of Girard boys in athletics. Only about two hundred boys are eligible for the teams. Out of this number about one hundred and fifty candidates reported for soccer and thirty or forty for swimming. This shows a spirit which is very commendable. Let's show such spirit in other things as, for instance, coöperation in keeping study halls quiet.

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The J-1 Spanish class is going to keep

a folio of pictures and writings in Spanish to exchange with Spanish schools. This work will be conducted through the Junior Red Cross. It has previously been done through the Junior Red Cross by other American and by some foreign schools. This is a new activity in Girard which will probably prove interesting and instructing.

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### The Calendar

Each year the Girard College Calendar is an improvement over its predecessor. This year the June '26 Class has put a calendar on the market which proves the above statement beyond any doubt. The picture on the front, which is a view taken from the south end of the Main Building, is done in three colors, and includes the pillars on the south side of the Main Building, the east side of the High School, a portion of the main road, and the various flower beds lying between the two buildings. This beautiful picture may be removed and framed, and will be a credit to the decoration of any room.

The plate from which five thousand prints were made, was obtained from the John E. Rodgers Engraving Company of Philadelphia, at a cost of \$145. Mr. Rodgers is a Girard College graduate, and it is probably due to this fact that such a wonderful picture was obtained.

Everyone seems very much pleased with the calendar and admits that it is the best ever. It is a standard that offers a challenge to each succeeding class.

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### The Declamation Contest

The Original Declamation Contest was held Friday evening, December 4, in the Auditorium of the High School. Of the six members of the senior classes who competed for prizes of fifteen, ten, and five dollars, offered by the Alumni

of the College, Louis Olmsted, Charles Boyle, and Leonard Sheetz were adjudged the winners.

Robert Saddington, S-1, was the first speaker of the evening. His speech, "In Texas," gave a very picturesque description of that state. He said that many people think of "this land of smokeless cities" as a foreign country of "unbearable heat" with long stretches of desert land. During his stay in Texas, Mr. Saddington visited Dallas and San Antonio, "the Cairo of America." The final part of his talk was a very lucid description of the fall of the Alamo. He ended his essay with the words that were on the lips of every patriotic Texan when Santa Ana was devastating their land, "Remember the Alamo."

Louis C. Olmsted, the winner of the contest, was the next speaker. As his speech, "All the World's a Stage," is printed in full in the literary department of this issue, it will not be necessary for us to go into detail here. Charles Boyle's declamation, "The Twenty-sixth President of the United States," which was awarded second prize is also printed in this issue.

"The Art of Christmas," delivered by William Cregar, S-2, gave a very touching description of the birth of our Saviour. Mr. Cregar took Jean Valjean and Silas Marner, also, as two examples of men who gave themselves to others in the true Christmas spirit. He spoke of the night before Christmas, of the entrance of Christmas day with its ringing of chimes and bells, and of Christmas day itself. "When peace and good will," Mr. Cregar said, "is in our hearts, the art of Christmas is ringing with the same high melody as on Christmas Day."

"Two Artists" was given by Leonard Sheetz, S-2, an essay based on four pic-

tures: two painted by the same artist and hanging in the Academy of Fine Arts: namely, "A Dutch Garden" and "A Market"; the other two painted by Nature, a beautiful sunny day in the fall and a day when the earth is covered with snow.

Vincent Mickaluskie in his speech, "Stephen Girard," pictured the Founder as patriot, benefactor, and humanitarian. He told us how Girard gave his whole fortune to the American cause, how he labored for the people of Philadelphia in the terrible yellow-fever epidemic, and how he donated six millions of dollars to found the institution that now stands in his name. Mr. Mickaluskie spoke of the personal debt he owes to Stephen Girard and of the respect he bears him.

Any description of the events of the evening would be incomplete without the mention of the program given by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

Following is the musical program.

- "Selections from Serenade"....Victor Herbert  
Girard College Orchestra
- "Hail Alma Mater".....Carey-Banks
- "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" Praetorius  
Girard College Glee Club
- 'Cello Solo—"Tarantelle".....Squires  
William B. Biester
- "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" Seitz  
Girard College Glee Club
- Waltz—"Artist's Life" .....Strauss  
Girard College Orchestra

### Exchange

The following exchanges have been cordially welcomed at our desk: "Steel and Garnet," "Chestnut Burr," "Oak Lane Owl," "The Broadcaster," "The Sabre," "The Torch," "Green Stone," "The Wissahickon," "Kensington Distaff," "The Phillips Bulletin," "The Courier," "The Mt. Airy World," "The Rangen News."

Robert Hawkins

Jan 26 Pak!

Robert Pittman

Jan 26 Pak

Miss W. Callow

Jan 26 Pak

John M Stewart